White Cloud



Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

THE WAY WE WENT TO BRAUFORT.

Full fifty sail we were that day, When out to sea we sped away, With a feeling of brooding mystery; there was no telling where, But well we know there was strife to share, And we felt our mission was bound to bear A place in heroic history.

The man at the helm, nothing knew he, As he stirred his ship out into the sea, On that morn of radiant beauty; And the ships outspread their wings, and flew Like sea-birds over the water blue; One thought alone each man of us knew-How best to do our duty.

Not a breath of wherefore or why was heard, Not a doubtful thought or a doubtful word, But a spirit of inspiring treat Filled each man's breast, as it always must, When leaders are brave, and a cause is just-And ours the cause of the nation.

And thus we went-the hurricane's breath Was felt in our track, like the blast of death, But we had no thought of turning; Onward and onward the good fleet sped, Locked in its breast the secret dread, To break in gloom over treason's head, Where-we should soon be learning

But brave Dupont and Sherman know Where the bolt should light, and each gallant cre Was ready to heed their orders. Port Royal, Ho! and a bright, warm day, We made land many miles away; And sullenly there before us lay

The mystery was all compassed then, And the hearts of sea-sick, weary men Cheered up, the prospect viewing: There is that grit is the homen mind, However gentle, or good, or kind, That is always to double its fist inclined, When near where a fight is brewing.

The rebel guns waked a fearful note From our rifled cannon's open throat, And our shells flew fast and steady. The hattle is over-the strife is done-The Stars and Bars from the forts have run-The blow is struck, and victory won-Beoutlet is ours already!

And then we sailed to the beautiful town. Where we tore the emblem of treason down, And planted the starry banner; And the breezes of Heaven seemed to play With its folds in a tender and loving way. As though they were proud to welcome the day, And the old familiar manner.

A thrill pervaded the loyal land, The clouds of gloom and doubt dispersed, The sun of hope through the darkness burst, And the real the patriot's heart had nursed.

Select Tale.

POPPING THE QUESTION UNDER DIFFICULTIES. .

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY

A merchant tailor in the city of Buffalo, having accumulated a competency his shears and bodkin, and spend the remainder of his days on a farm. He purchased several hundred acres of

land in Tonawanda, and there was a "fishing ground" on the estate. Mr. C., the had made in all his life. ex-merchant, was delighted with his new occupation, and he devoted his best efforts, with untiring zeal, to farming and fishing. Being hard of hearing, he often made ludicrous blunders, which excited the mirthfulness of his friends and customers. His graceful and beautiful daughter was at a boarding school near to New York city, at the time her father purchased the farm. She had a lover, and promised to marry him, provided he could obtained the consent of her parent to the matrimonial alliance.

direction. On the morning after his ar-remain, rival, he was strolling on the banks of the creek that swept through the village of Tonawanda, when he met a plain old gentleman dressed in homespun, and inquired of him "if the cars had commenced running to the Falls yet?"

"You misunderstand me," continued the young man. "I merely wish to know if the cars have commenced their trips to the Falls of Niagara, and what the fare "From three to four cents a pound."

"Do you mean to insult me?" "I will let you have a large quantity for two cents." "I have a great mind to give you a

caning for your impudence." "Well, if you do not choose to give it I know who will." "I should like to know whether there

are any more such fools as you in the town of Tonawanda ?" "We shall make another haul in the

morning before daylight." At this instant another citizen made his appearance, and the stranger stated his

grievance to him. He said: "I have been asking this old man a few civil questions, and he has given me

the most impertinent answers." "Oh, he is deaf," said the third party. "He is as deaf as a post; but he is a very fine old gentleman—one of the best men in town—one of the most influential and respectable men in the country, in-

on a scrap of paper, and save me from suspicion, and satisfy yourself in regard to the old gentleman's politeness?"

ed him with the remark: "I will not take a note of hand; cash on the nail, or no trade."

He is preparing a note, said the last comer. "Call me a brute, do you?" exclaim-

ed Mr. C.; "then take that !" and suiting the action to the word, he dealt him a blow straight from the shoulder, which prostrated him "flat as a flounder."

By this time the note was finished, and the old gentleman discovered his mistake, and about this time the young stranger made the discovery that he had been picking a quarrel with his prospective father-

Mr. C. made an appology, and invited both parties to go over to his house and dine. The front door commanded a view of a meadow in which a cow was feeding, and while Mr. C. was looking in that direction, the youthful lover, whose heart was overflowing with emotion, commenced the task he came such a long distance to perform.

"I am acquainted with your daughter," said he, in a loud tone. "She is a fine beast," remarked the old

gentleman, looking at the cow. "Your daughter !" screamed the young man; "I have the honor to be well acquainted with her." "She is a noble animal," was the quiet

["Confound the old cow !" said the young man, in a whisper. "I wish she was out of sight."] "I was speaking about your amiable and accomplished daughter !"

"She is very kind-indeed, never breaks down the fence-never kicks over the pail -never strays away like the other brutes

"You don't understand me, sir! I was speaking of daughter at boarding school l' "No, I never put a board on her face; she never does any mischief at all." "Your daughter !" shouted the young

man, frantic with excitement. "Did you say I ought to ?" "No, sir! I was speaking of your daughter, the young lady away from

"Oh, yes-I have plenty of room, but er. I have made up my mind to shut her up in the stable, and feed her chop

"Great Heaven!" remarked the young man to himself. "What shall I do This deafness will be the death of me! I will try once more, and if the effort fails, I will resort to pencil and paper again.'

"I should like to say a word respecting vour daughter." "I shall let the butcher have her by and by-if he will give me my price," said the old man, with emphasis.

As a last resort, the young man used his pencil and paper—showed his letters of introduction, handsomely endorsed by men whose opinions were good authority at his trade, determined to throw aside on the delicate subject on the tapis. Af ter a little cross-questioning and a little hesitation, the old gentleman gave his consent; and when the parties were mar
Samuel on the one side and Habakuk on ried, he declared it was the best haul he

> Model Mining Correspondence. The following pithy correspondence take from a California paper :

"DEAD FAILURE, SALMON RIVER, "December 24, 1861.

"DEAR G .- I arrived here on the 10th of September; prospected round for brother replied, "I don't know about the some time; finally found a claim to suit preaching, but I am sure he bauled one." me. Have worked in all 20 days, and made \$65,000,45. I am a poor hand to er Baldwin," by a slight orthographical write, and besides am very busy. Bill corruption. Of his great book Armaged-Blow will finish this letter. Hoping The young man travelled West as far that you have got a "good thing" in old as the iron horse would carry him in that Trinity, and sense enough to stick to it, I work of wonderful weight, being the heav-"Yours, truly, "D-F-

nired of him "if the cars had commencing to the Falls yet?"

"Principally pike and mullet," said

"Principally pike and mullet," said

"The care had commenced to add something; accordingly I write a few lines. 'Half has not been told of the sagacious supposition that "like would" these mines. The result of labor here is almost fabulous. Everything is going on after the '49 style in California. To give you an idea: They are playing a little area of labor here playing a little area of labor here told of the sagacious supposition that "like would produce like!" The following sermon is, however, his great effort. It was commenced on the memorable Sunday of the fall of Fort Donelson, and its delivery a little game of draw in the next cabin, was unluckily cut short by the announce

> "The snow is from 10 to 14 feet deep; but it don't interfere with mining-they 'coyote' under it. Come up; if you Oh, Lord, Thou knowest that this thing haven't got funds, we will send you a of praying is altogether out of my line, draft on Adams & Co. I haven't time and as hard for me to do as for Wigfall

to write more." Your friend, "P. S. D-F- has just come in to dinner, and has in his pan seventeen

thousand dollars."

WHAT THE REBELS CAN DO.-An old saying current in European military circles, runs in this wise : The Spanish to build Forts.

The French to take them. The English to hold them. To render this complete, the following should be added :

The Confederates to evacute them. The rebels can well afford to give up deed. He is not impertment. He deals all their church bells, cow bells, and dinsible he may think I am endeavoring to undersell him; will you, therefore, do me taken by foraging parties, and they have the favor to write down your question no dinners to be summoned to.

John-Drother mcMarry, make that blood hound of yours quit his indecency, or I'll why is the Southern Confederacy like tively, "you'd better point the end with expel him from the church, even as Judas a beautiful young lady? Because upon the hole in it."

Everything being in readiness, my how

WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1862. Miscellaneous.

Respectfully dedicated to the brave men who marched the rear, to the " music of the enemy's cannon." Oh! who was at Stone Bridge!

Bays the Shan Van Voght. Oh! who was at Stone Bridge? Says the Shan Van Voglit. Oh! our frish boys were there, From Antrim to Kildare, And from the Hill o' Howth to Clare! Says the Shan Van Voght.

There was Corcoran so bold! Says the Shan Van Voght Who is worth his weight in gold, Bays the Shan Van Voght. There were Meagher's own Zouaves, Who have leather on their calves, And who nothing do by halves, Says the Shan Van Voght.

Oh! what is a Zonave? Says the Shan Van Voght.

Oh! what is a Zonave! Bays the Shan Van Voght. Oh! he's an frish kind of Turk, And his name it may be Burke, And he's the boy to do the work, Says the Shan Van Voght.

And where was Jimmy Lynch? Says the Shan Van Voght. He surely did not flinch? Says the Shan Van Voght. Did he hear the bugle sound? Where was he on the ground? Says the Shan Van Voght

Says the Shan Van Voght. Oh, Jimmy was not there! Says the Shan Van Voght. His time had just run out, So be turned right about, And he wasn't at the rout, Says the Shan Van Voght.

Do you mean to say he ran? Says the Shan Van Voght. Do you mean to say he ran? Says the Shan Van Vorht. Oh, no, he didn't ron! But he couldn't see the fun! So he marched back with his gun! Says the Shan Yan Voght.

And now be runs for place! Says the Shan Van Voght. How can be have the face? . Says the Shan Van Voght He's politically damned, And Fernando has his hand. Ob, to blazes with the hand!

From the Nashville Union.

of Seven Heads and Ten Horns in the Vision We have the unmistakable pleasure of

remarked to one of the brethren as they went to lunch, "Well, that little hoss preached a screaming sermon." The brother replied, "I don't know about the From that hour he was known as "Broth don, too much cannot be said. It would as an evidence of his systematic mode of doing things, that when writing the great chanter in Arman's with the great skedaddle!" "Friend G .- I find the above letter ly- chapter in Armageddon on the "Goat

where the 'ante' is a yeast-powder-can of dust and an oyster can full is a common must no longer delay the sermon. The services of the occason were open ed with a

PRAYER BY A TEXAS BANGER. to keep sober, or Jeff. Davis to be made to pay his debts, or Floyd to keep from stealing. But Thou knowest we are some on tangle-foot whisky, good at horse-racing and tip-top at poker, and can hold four aces about as often as John Morgan, "or any other man." Help us this day, for we are in a peck of trouble, and it will be the last time I'll ever trouble you.

Amen! THE CURSE OF COWARDICE. Taxy-"Curse ye, Merga-Curse ye bitterly." Beloved brethren and sisters, you are assembled to-day to discharge the most important duties of your lives. The Yanheads and ten horns" spoken of by St.

Jonh-(Brother McNairy, make that blood
hound of yours quit his indecency, or I'll

Why

circumcised sons of the Philistines are riding over the holy soil of the South in The young man commenced writing, when the old farmer-fisherman interrupt- A NEW IRISH SONG, TO AN OLD IRISH eth "fearfully and wonderfully mad." chariots of fire, even as the chariots of Elijah and Aminidab, and my soul wax-

Oh! brethren, let us do as King David, the sweet psalmist of Israel did, when he arose and went after biseling. (Stop, my brother, don't be in such a hurry to leave; I did't mean a gin-sling, but the sling of "the spirits of just men made perfect." which will send a rock into the temples of Abraham Lincoln.) Brethren, let us see if we can't peforate into the meaning of my text-ah! "Curse-ye-Me-roz"ah! My text suggests two points-the cowardice of a cues, and the cuss of cow-

Firstly then, there is always cowardice in a low, ornery cuss. A cuss is always as full of cowardice as our publishing house is of piety, which you know, my brethren, is an "exclusively religious concern," and publishes among other excellent books, my great work on prophecy called Armageddon. Price one dollar and fifty cents-ah!

Secondly. The cuss of cowardice.— Who, my Brethren and sisters, is a cuss of cowardice? A cuss of cowardice is one who bellows like a "bull of Bashan" in time of safety, and then runs like a "fatted calf" in the time of danger. There's Isham G. Harris who issued a proclamation a few days ago, talking about "defending the sanctity of our homes and wives and daughters, and dying in the last ditch." Yes, he cavorted mightily, and shouted as he "smelt the battle afar off," but to-day he remaineth like a dis- From the Capitol-A Rebel Reduced consolae Whangdoodle on the dark mountains of Hespidam, roaring for her first born, and "will not be comforted because they are not." Instead of staying to fight Mackerel Brigade, have reduced a rebel that son of Belial, Andy Johnson, he is packing up his duds for a grand skedaddle. My brethren, he is a cuss, and a "cuss of cowardice."

Then there is Gideon Pillow, who has undertaken a contract for digging that "last ditch," of which you have heard so much. I am afraid the "feathers will fly" whenever that case is opened, and that Pillow will give us the slip. The "sword of the Lord" isn't "the sword of Gideon" Pillow, so I shall not bolster him up any

Powerful and Thrilling Sermon on the Curse of Cowardice.

By Reverend S. D. Meroz Armageddon Baldwin. Great Interpretor of the Hidden Mysdon't he bristle up at the Yankees? Does

The By Reverend S. D. Meroz Armageddon Baldwin. Great Interpretor of the Hidden Mysdon't he bristle up at the Yankees? Does

The Balance institution believed late the receent great artillery expedition of the Orange County Howitzers.

It seems, my boy, that an intellectual member of the Mackerel Brigade got tirging the bristle up at the Yankees?

and a "cuss of cowardice." of Patmos. Delivered at Nashville, during the fight at Fort Donelson, by request of His Excellency, Isham G. Harris, the Texan Ranger, and the Vigilance Committee, and furnished by the Author for publication in the Nashville Like to know. As "vigilant as a cat to steal cream." I guess, as the apostle Fallis Author for publication in the Steal cream." I guess, as the apostle Fallis Like to know the proprietor made his appearance, and says he:

"Hersian at the Homan the Hom Then there is the Vigilance Committee staff says in his sermon to Prince Hal. Why don't they shoulder their muskets, laying before our readers this morning, and go out to fight the Yankees, instead one of the finest efforts of the ablest and of running off poor mechanics who have most incomprehensible of modern divines. "cusses," and "cusses of cowardice."

My Brethren and Sisters: I'll tell von who are not cusses of cowardice. Myself, the other, and of course is a "good egg," who are not cusses of cowardice. Myself, or as has been beautifully said, a "whole the author of Armangeddon, and Dr. team and a yaller dog under the wagon." McFerrin, author of the Confederate Of his early history we can only say that Primer, and Dr. Summers, author of the his name had a significant origin. When Confederate Almanac, and Brother Houshe preached his first sermon, an old lady ton, who is getting up a Confederate Bible. We are not "cusses of cowardice." No, sir-ce.

My brethren, just get the almanac a look for that Confederate "eclipse of the snn," and then get down Brother Mac's primer and read that heavenly little story don, too much cannot be said. It would do credit to a lunatic asylum. It is a work of wonderful weight, being the heaviest thing of the kind extant. It is said, the Yankee gunboats are in sight!") Oh,

but The pious author assures us that i

THE MUD-SILLS OF THE NORTH. -- Some South Carolinian, a few years since, made some taunting remarks about our Savings Banks, an institution, it seems, that was not appreciated in the Palmetto State. From a late official report, I see that these Banks in our city, have on deposit nearly forty millions of dollars. All these dollars are the hard earned savings of a class, of which the world takes but little notice, but which it cannot by any means do without. Without this class, even the Fifth Avenue Hotel Committee might not be able to wear spotless linen, or get their daily bread, even by praying for it. The mechanics, laborers, brick-layers, hod-carriers, carmen, washerwomen, and omnibus drivers of this city, have really saved, and have placed on interst, at 6 per cent. the magnificent sum of \$40,000,000! Does this speak badly for the social sys-tem of our Northern cities? Verily, the "mud-sills" of the North are planted on foundations of solid gold! Their escutcheon is that gllittering yellow, which glis-tens in the eye alike of prince and peasant, kees in "chariots of fire" are cavorting and leads willing captive, both the savage and charging like the "beast with seven and civilized !- N. Y. Cor. St. Joseph

God! make us serve the monitor within;

And teaches man his kindredship to Thee;

May it be ours. in these the evil days, That fall upon our nation like a pall; May we have power each one himself to raise.

Not race nor color is the badge of slaves "Tis ma shood, after all, that makes men free; Weakness is slavery; 'tis but mind that saves

God's glorious image as He willed it be. Out of the shadows thick, will coming day Send Peace and Plenty smiling o'er our land:

Where patriot blood is poured as cheap as rain, A newer freedom, planiz-like, will spring; Our Father never asks for us in vain:

Then let, to-day, true nobleness be ours; That we be worthy of the day of bliss, When truth's, and love's and freedom's allied pow

Would we might see, as did the saint of old, The heavens opening, and the starry throng That they may hymn man's resurrection song

[From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury.]

FROM WASHINGTON. charger Pegasus, that symmetrical char- Union and re-construction may be delonger. Gideon is a "cuss," my brothers, ger having been borrowed for a writing stroyed." and a "cuss of cowardice," desk, by a Secretary of the Fronterior, I A chap There is Wash. Barrow, who has been am enabled to keep up communication ly flamed up at this, and says he: cosily at home, while "lewd fellows of the river, and ten thousand Star Spangled

teries of Gog and Magog. High Priest of the want to "save his bacon" more than to save the South? If he does, he ought to Seven Seals of St. John. Expounder of the Billy Goat of Daniel, and Keeper of the Beast of St. John. Expounder of the Billy Goat of Daniel, and Keeper of the Beast of St. John. Expounder of the State of the State of the State of the State of the Beast of St. John. Expounder of the State of the Beast of St. John. Expounder of the Beast of St. John rebel domicil, he beheld what he took for Confederacy at the window, "if we do the bird of our country, stalking out of not irritate you, will you consent to be re-

The Mackerel chap gave a tragic start,

and says he: "Tis the eagle I would rescue Horatio: the bird celebrated by my brother,

"Well," says the foul traitor, "it is undoubtedly what the Congressman takes for an Eagle, as I am aware that Congressman generally treat the American bird as a goose; but as that gander happens to belong to one of the very First Families of Virginia, and cost me four shillings, it becomes my painful duty to the appearance and discipline of our eren? and whar was the lamp? They resist your habeus corpus act." And troops were satisfactory to Albion.

With that he drove the beautiful bird into

Fighting according to the Constitution the barn-yard, and locked the gate.

Fired to fury by this insult from one of those whom our army had come to proabout the "Smart Dixie Boy," and then buy a copy of my Armsgeddon for one dollar and fifty cents, and you will fight

"The cannon of the Union shall speak in

tion of Armageddon. which he requests us to say he will sell at one dollar and a half. trees, the artillery started for the rebel

stronghold. Arriving before the offending house, the howitzers were placed in line, and all of the country in." got ready for the bombardment. It was just possible, my boy, that two men might not think that you can force our people have marched into that house and cap- into the Union." tured the misguided Confederacy without slaughter. You may be unable to see what use there was in bringing artlillery, and forming in line of battle; but you

"Soldiers," says Samyule, "remember A recent prayer meeting at Hartford that the eyes of the whole world are upon was surprised, and a little amused by the you at this moment, and endeavor to hit following remarks from a honest bearted the house as often as possible. We will brother in regard to the war: fire one round without ball," says Sam- "It is all very well, brethren yule "to see if the powder is first class."

Now it chanced that while the loading up was going on, the gallant Lieutenant Lemmons got his legs wonderfully entan-gled in the lanyard of his piece, and kept turning the howitzer around in a manne strongly expressive of nervous agitation. Suddenly he stepped across to where woman and child in Corinth shou Samyule was standing, and whispered in evacuated before Saturday night!" his ear.

EN AVANT! O, God! let us not live these days in vain, This variegated life of doubt and hope; And though, as day leads night, so joy leads pain, Let it be symbol of a broader scope.

Cast off the trammels that bow manhood down Of form or custom, appetite or sin, The care for folly's smile or envy's frown

Which wakes the slaveling from the poison cup Of passion, bidding him be grandly free:

And place God's signet on the brow of all !

And the events that fill us with dismay, Are but the implements of God's right hand.

From noble seed comes noble harvesting

Shall bind all nations with fraternal kiss.

From the letter of our unsurpassed correspondent, it will be seen that the Orange County Howitzers, attached to the and "re-constructed" him. The battle was conducted on strictly Constitutional principles, and is said to have given great satisfaction to the Democratic party :

EDITOR T. T .- The stirring times are come again, the maddest of the year, and yule hastily called a council of war. I am beginning to believe, my boy, that what is to be will be, and what has been

"Hessian, spare that goose !"

the Congressman, in all his speeches."

That gifted officer, Samvule Sa-mith. heard his burning words, and says he,

know nothing about strategy and war.

"O, I see," says Samyule kindly, "you were educated at West Point; which end of the cannon ought to be pointed at the the combined battery launched its thunders on the air, creating a great sensation

in the nighboring hen-roosts, and causing a large rooster to fall from a branch in the midst of his refreshing slumber. "Now, that the powder had sustained its reputation," says Samynle impressively, "let the two-inch balls be hurled at

the enemies' works." As the house was full ten yards off, this second discharge failed to hit it; but it brought the Southern Confederacy to the window in his night-cap, and says

"There's no use of my trying to sleep, if you chaps keep making such a noise down there.'

"Unhappy man," says Samyule, solemnly, "we come here to reduce you, and will listen to nothing but unconditional surrender."

The Confederacy gapel, and says he: "I'm very sleepy, and can't talk to you Stated preaching may be expected in this place ennow; and I'll call over in the morning." And he shut the window and went back to bed. A frown was observed to steal over the face of Samyule. He has a peculiar countenance, and a frown affects it to heaven) might call a negro song, but strangely. Take his mouth and mustache which, my brethren, is properly a colored together, and they remind you of a mouse sunning himself on the edge of his hole; and when the frown comes on, the mouse

acts as though he had a stomache. "Comrades," says Samyule, the encmy requires another round, and we must do it on the square. Fire !"

Like four and twenty thunder storms the howitzers roared together, and had not the Orange County veterans forgotten to put in any balls, there is reason to believe that some windows would have been broken. Another discharge however was more successful, as it knocked the top off the chimney.

The Southern Confederacy appeared at the window, and says he: "If you fellows don't quit that racket,

down there, you'll irritate me pretty This significant remark caused a sudden cessation of the bombardment, and Sam-

"Gentlemen," says Samyule, "a new issue has arisen. If we irritate the Southhas. Though still without my Gothic ern Confederacy, all hopes for a future

> irritate this man, no power on earth will Testament scripters.
>
> ever make him submit to reconstruction. And my tex from the New Testament Ask him."

Here the Democratic chap took a large taste of tobacco, and sighed for his coun-

constructed ?" "Re-constructed !" says the Confederacy thoughtfully; "re-constructed! Ah!"

says he, "you mean will I consent to be born again?" "Yes," says Samyule, metyphisically; will you consent to be borne again, as we

have borne with you heretofore ?" The Confederacy thought awhile, an then says he :

"Consider me re-constructed." As that was all the Constitution asked of course there was no more to be done, and the Orange County Howitzers returnthe English gentleman remarking that Laws." But whar was the ile, my breethwas no whar! All their cry was Con-

stitution and Laws. But you may search my boy, is such an admirable way of the scripters from Dan to Bursheba, so to preventing carnage, that some doctor speak, and from kiver to kiver, and you ought to take out a patent for it as a can't find Constitution and Laws. cheap medicine.

Yours to come, and ORPHEUS C. KERR.

A good answer was given by Col. Myers to a secesh lady in Gallatin, Tenn. this matter. Let the Orange County The Colonel is a California Sheriff, and Howitzers get ready for the action, and I has been employed by the Government will lead them against the Philistines." in making arrests of notable rebels in preparation; the guns were mobilized, took place at Judge Guild's residence, in sels with their lamps, according to their Gallatin, whither the Colonel had gone New Testament scripters. Now, if any to arrest the Judge. Mrs. G. "wished man thinks he can rebut your minister, tle, and just as the moon rose above the she had the power, she would drive the let him make the endeever-ah. Hessians out of the country very quick."

A recent prayer meeting at Hartford

"It is all very well, brethren, to hold out hopes, and to present the brighest side; but we are getting some bad news side; but we are getting some bad news as well as some that is good. Here, for instance, I read in the paper to-day, that Beauregard, who has always some deep, infernal plot at work had issued an erripters: "Tekel, we have Wade in the infernal plot at work, had issued an or- ballotings." And my friends, I'm afraid

The rebels say that their armies, if defeated, will retire for defence each to some mountain fastness. We have been admiring their fastness for some time.

What with freshets and fights, the people of this country are now much moved by flood and field. SONG OF THE SECESSION WARRIOR.

and channer and

SLIGHTLY ALTERED FROM THE CHOCTAW. I made a spor of a Yankee's jaw, And in New Orleans I shot his squaw-

Shot his child like a yelping cur, He had no time to fondle on her. Hoo! hoo! for the rifled graves! Wah! wah! wah! for the blasted sixtes scraped his skull all naked and bare, And here's his scalp with a tuft of bair! His heart is in the buzzard's maw,

His bloody bones the wolf doth gnaw. Hoo! hoo! hoo! for the Yankee graves! Wah! wah! wah! for the blasted slaves! With percussion caps we filled each gun, And put torpedoes where be'd run; And with poisoned bullets and poisoned run Helped him along to kingdom come! Hoo! hoe! hoo! for the Yankee graves!

Wah! wah! wah! for the blasted slaves! Hot Gospel.

My Breetheren-We will open on this occasion, by singing to the long metre, what the Democrats (who can't go Sam. And while your preacher lines ont, you will sing, particularly the sister-hood, as I like to hear their voices—ah!

From Af-ri-ca the negro came, Arise, my breetheren, bless his name! Stand up, my breetheren, bless the day The negro came from Afri-ca.

He is the objek of our love, In him we live, in him we move, For him we preach—for him we pray-For him we meet from day to day,

Remember 'twas the white man's sins

Which splayed his foot and bowed his shine, His shins were straight as straight could be, Till they were bowed in sla-vi-ree. Then, breetheren, let your blessings rise Upon his beels, his lips, his eyes-

Upon his feet, upon his shins, Both splayed and bowed by white men's sine.

REPEAT-Upon his feet, upon his shine,

Both splayed and bowed by white men's sins. My BREETHEREN.-Your minister intends to show you on this occasion, that there is only one scripteral party, and that is the G-r-e-a-t Republican party. If any man thinks he can rebut your

minister, let him make the endeever. A chap who was a Democrat sudden-And firstly, I will prove that there is only one scripteral party by a tex from 'The abolitionists caused this terrible the New Testament scripters; and see war, and it is our business, as no-party ondly, I will prove that there is only one the baser sort" do the fighting. I believe Banners flash through my veins as I re- men, to finish it Constitutionally. If we scripteral party by a tex from the Old

> scriptures is in these words-"And they took ile in their vessels with their lamps. "Now, my breetheren here is a plain cripteral rule : "And they took ile in their vessels with their lamps." Who was it, my breetheren, that took ile in the vessels with their famps-ah? Who? Thar was the Douglas party. They held great meetins, and they carried banners with thirty-four stars, and on the banners was written "pop'lar sov-reenity." But whar was the ile? and whar was the lamps? They was no-whar. All their cry was pop'lar sov-reen-ity. But you can't find pop'lar sov-reen-ity in the Bible; you may search the scripters from Dan to Bursheba, as so to speak and you can't find pop'lar sov-reen-ity.
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> And thar was the Bell party. And they met in great meetins, and carried banners with thirty-four stars, and on ed to their original position in the mire, the banner was writ, "Constitution and

And then, whar was the G-r-e-a-t Republican party? Ah, my breetheren I fancy I see them now-ah! I needn't ask whar was the ile, and whar was the vessels, and whar was the lamps, for they was every whar-ah. Ah, my breetheren, they didn't carry thirty-four stars-ah! Howitzers get ready for the action, and I has been employed by the Government in making arrests of notable rebels in Laws on; but they took ile in their vestreparation; the gene were makilized.

> And secondly, I will prove by the "Yes," said the officer, "but we have Old Testament scripters, that there is on-"Yes," said the officer, "but we have the power, and intend to drive the enemies of the country in."
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> "Very well," said the lady, "you need is in Dannel, I mean the old scripteral Dannel, and not Dannel Webster, for all his texes is again us. The words of my tex is: "Tekel, thou art weighed in the balance." But my breetheren, the tex in the original Hebrew reads: "Tekel, thou hast Wade in the ballotings."

Ah! my breetheren, what party is it that has Wade in the ballotings? Go to the Douglas men, and ask them whar they've got Wade, and they answer no whar. Go to the Bell men, and ask them where they've got Wade, and they answer no whar. But go to the G-rea-t Reder—yes, an army order—that overy they are going to keep our friend Wade woman and child in Corinth should be evacuated before Saturday night!"

> We will now sing a sockdology, after which the audience will please disburse, and go to their respective places of abode

Hollins' turtle couldn't stand Farra-gut's fire upon his back.